



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

the whole vast territory, that their relations must henceforth be only pacific, and more and more fraternal. A war which should involve them in mutual hostility would be fraught with all the atrocity of a civil conflict, and can hardly be deemed within the range of possible events. And the colonies, as the pulsations of a common, social, and mercantile vitality beat through the veins of their and our joint body politic, are a hostage to insure our permanent peace with Great Britain, and, through her, with the whole European world. There are, at the present moment, urgent reasons why our republic should discharge her high mission, not by political propagandism or intermeddling, not by proffering or countenancing among other nations the infraction of that loyalty which she claims for herself, but by welcoming and extending overtures of peaceful and helpful intercourse whencesoever they may come, wherever they may reach. There is wisdom, both profound and timely, in the reiteration of Jefferson's maxim by the President, in the Message just delivered: — "*Friendly relations with all, but entangling alliances with none*, has long been a maxim with us. Our true mission is not to propagate our opinions, or to impose upon other countries our form of government by artifice or force; but to teach by example, and show by our success, moderation and justice, the blessings of self-government, and the advantages of free institutions."

-
- ART. IX. — 1. *Travels in America.* By the RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CARLISLE, (Lord Morpeth.) New York: G. P. Putnam. 1851. 12mo. pp. 85.
 2. *Travels in the United States, etc., during 1849 and 1850.* By the LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 463.

MRS. TROLLOPE, in her somewhat remarkable work on *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*, after indulging in one of her sweeping tirades against the nation, observes, in a saving clause, "It must be remembered, here and everywhere, that this phrase, 'the Americans,' does not include

the instructed and travelled portion of the community." The tone of the volumes now under consideration is so very different from that of most English writers, that it might be doubted whether persons of rank should be included, when one speaks of the opinions of English travellers as a class. It could hardly have been anticipated, that the people of the United States would be judged far more leniently by lords and titled ladies than they have been by commoners. Perhaps one reason for this marked difference of opinion may be, that the commoner seeks to show a knowledge of courtly life by the stringency of his criticisms upon republican manners; while persons of established rank, feeling no anxiety about such matters, because they have nothing to strive after in this respect, are prepared to give a candid and unprejudiced account of whatever they may see.

The United States were long an enigma to the nations of Europe, so strange and novel in its character that they did not even strive to guess its meaning, but viewed it with contemptuous indifference, never dreaming of the mighty power to will and to perform that was to be developed out of our free institutions. Every nation is designed by Providence to work out some special act in the great drama of human progress. The design of our republic was to elevate common life, not into poetry, but into comfort; which, after all, has much about it that is truly poetical. The critics looked coldly upon the effort, and affirmed that it was only by degrading the whole community, that any thing like equality of position could be obtained. Where all were a little educated, none would be thoroughly instructed. Where all worked for bread, none could have leisure to cultivate the refinements of life. If all were placed above beggary, none could afford to patronize art. In short, under this new order of things, it was believed that all which tends to make life refined, beautiful, and attractive could never have an existence. Life would be one prolonged contest, in which every man would be constantly struggling to get before his neighbor, without any regard to the discomfort he might occasion him in the selfish scramble.

There is much plausibility and some truth in all this. The Republic in its earlier youth was a somewhat gawky boy; but strength is rarely graceful in its first development, and

time was wanting for the lad to find out what was the great work he had to perform, before his arms and legs could learn to walk and swing in their true places. Those who first wrote about the United States saw only the graceless aspect of our Republic. It has another side, which is rapidly coming into notice, and which compensates, in a great degree, for the present lack of many of the amenities of life which are so highly prized in the Old World.

The Great Exhibition has done more than any thing else, — perhaps, than all else, — to illustrate to Europeans the mission of the Anglo-American; and the part we have played there has been illustrative of our whole history. At the first opening, the works offered by our people were seen to be of quite a different character from those brought by other nations; therefore, they were at once condemned as inferior and unworthy of notice. Other nations had taxed all their skill to fashion brilliant gewgaws, such as might minister to the pride of nobles and potentates; while we brought an array of machinery, designed to mitigate the toil of the common laborer, and to cheapen the food, the garments, and the furniture of common life.

The mechanical labor of a country always lies at the feet of its rulers. Where wealthy aristocrats rule, there the mechanic exhausts his skill in the invention of new luxuries wherewith to adorn the ease of high life. There we find the most splendid jewelry and plate, the richest silks and laces, the softest and most brilliantly dyed carpets, the most sumptuous furniture; while cost is scarcely taken into account. But here in America, where all power is in the hands of the people, we find the skill of the inventor ever on the alert to cheapen the price of every thing, so as to bring it within the reach of the people at large. Thus the laborer can buy a clock with the price of a day's work; in a very few days, he can earn enough to purchase a carpet for his floor; he sits in a chair cut out and polished by machinery, of a form and quality which, a few years ago, would have made it an article of expensive luxury; and so on, through a catalogue far too long to be enumerated here. In the shop of the artisan, machinery is compelled to do work which, in other lands, is performed only by manual labor, and with an exactness and rapidity to which the hand can never attain.

The grand result of our institutions is, not to give elegance to the wealthy, but to give comfort to the poor. We seek the useful first and the ornamental afterwards; and shall we always be condemned for doing so? We think not, since the *London Times*, one of our severest critics, after ridiculing our want of taste and elegance all through the earlier months of the Exhibition, won over at last by American triumphs in other departments, exclaims with manly frankness: "Great Britain has received more useful ideas and more ingenious inventions from the United States, through the Exhibition, than from all other sources."

It is not in physical comfort alone that our institutions elevate the condition of the poor. This cannot be done without results that go far beyond. It is no small thing that every emigrant who brings to the United States a strong and willing pair of hands can, in a few years, become a freeholder, and surround himself with an array of comforts such as no European laborer can gain by a long life of toil; but it is much more that, in carrying out his aspirations of whatever sort, he has no limitations to his efforts, saving those which Providence set upon him at his birth.

We are not among those who deem the constitution of the American republic a work of absolute perfection, or the country itself a Utopia; but we do claim, that civilization is here taking by degrees a character unlike what it has borne in any other land or age, and that the history of our institutions marks the period when man came of age, and was freed from guardianship. When such an epoch comes in the life of an individual, it is usually followed by many acts of folly and indiscretion. Yet no one would therefore say, it were better a man should be restrained by the tutelage of parents or guardians through his whole life. All acknowledge, that freedom from such bonds is necessary for the attainment or development of a manly character. As with the individual, so is it with the nation. On first coming to its age of freedom, it must, undoubtedly, make many blunders, and be led away by many crude ideas and vain pursuits. But through all this, it will finally, there is good reason to believe, work its way, and develop a power such as the world has never seen before; a power which will owe its might to the fact that each individual of the body politic works, whether in war or

in peace, pressed on by the consciousness that he has a personal interest in the commonwealth, and that his own fortunes must rise or fall with those of the whole country. It makes little difference to the peasant of the Old World who are his rulers, for all use him as a mere tool, whether he will or no. Hence he labors and he fights like a brute, knowing nothing of that stimulus of individual ambition which is the motive power of every republican. This power, like that of steam, is dangerous from its intensity, and needs a check within the machine itself, a self-restraining force, to prevent the most injurious results. Intelligent religious faith is the only power strong enough to bring it into a wise subjection. In no country of the world, is there so vast a need that the influence of moral and religious instruction should be exerted to the utmost upon the unthinking multitude, in order to stay the fury of a zeal without knowledge, that too often changes the love of liberty into a mad licentiousness.

But it is time to turn our attention to the works which have suggested these remarks. The little volume by the Earl of Carlisle contains the carefully revised impressions left by a year's travel in the United States upon the mind of a person of sound common sense and candid judgment, with the unpleasant traits, commonly esteemed essential to the character of John Bull, quite left out. These impressions are compressed within the narrow limits of a single lecture, delivered before a public audience in the city of Leeds. In the course of his tour, the Earl of Carlisle visited twenty-two of our States, the Havana, and Canada. He gives a sketch of the principal cities, and of the general aspect of the country through which he passed, with great distinctness and effect. One is surprised to find how many pictures and ideas can be presented within the narrow space of eighty loosely printed pages. Landing in Boston, which, to him, as to most Englishmen, seemed the most home-like of all our cities, he thus describes its general features : —

“I look back with fond recollection to its well-built streets — the swelling dome of its State House — the pleasant walks on what is termed the Common — a park, in fact, of moderate size, in the centre of the city, where I made my first acquaintance with the bright winter sunsets of America, and the peculiar transparent green and opal tints which stripe the skies around them — the

long wooden causeways across the inner harbor, which rather recalled St. Petersburg to my recollection — the newly-erected granite obelisk on a neighboring height, which certainly had no affinity with St. Petersburg, as it was to mark the spot, sacred to an American, of the battle of Bunker's Hill — the old elm tree at the suburban university of Cambridge, beneath which Washington drew his sword in order to take command of the national army — the shaded walks and glades of Mount Auburn, the beautiful cemetery of Boston, to which none that we yet have can be compared, but which I trust before long our Chadwicks and Paxtons may enable us to imitate, and perhaps to excel. These are some of my external recollections of Boston; but there are some fonder still, of the most refined and animated social intercourse — of hospitalities which it seemed impossible to exhaust — of friendships which I trust can never be effaced. Boston appears to me, certainly, on the whole, the American town in which an Englishman of cultivated and literary tastes, or of philanthropic pursuits, would feel himself most at home." pp. 9, 10.

After giving a short but complimentary sketch of the most remarkable men whom he met in society, he describes his journey to Niagara, and dwells with warm admiration upon the evidence presented all along the line of the railroad from Albany to Buffalo, of the marvellous progress which this portion of the Empire State has made within a quarter of a century.

"I am aware that it is not the received opinion, but there is something both in the outward aspect of this region and the general state of society accompanying it, which to me seemed eminently poetical. What can be more striking or stirring, despite the occasional rudeness of the forms, than all this enterprise, energy, and life welling up in the desert? At the towns of Syracuse, of Auburn, and of Rochester, I experienced the sort of feeling which takes away one's breath; the process seemed actually going on before one's eyes, and one hardly knows whether to think it as grand as the Iliad, or as quaint as a harlequin farce. I will quote the words I wrote down at the time: —

"The moment is not come for me yet, if it ever should come, to make me feel myself warranted in forming speculations upon far results, upon guaranties for future endurance and stability; all that I can now do is to look and to marvel at what is before my eyes. I do not think I am deficient in relish for antiquity and association; I know that I am English, not in a pigheaded adhesion to every thing there, but in heart to its last throb. Yet I cannot be unmoved or callous to the soarings of Young America, in such

legitimate and laudable directions too ; and I feel that it is already not the least bright, and may be the most enduring title of my country to the homage of mankind, that she has produced such a people. May God employ them both for his own high glory !’

“I am bound here in candor to state that I think what I first saw in America was, with little exception, the best of its kind ; such was the society of Boston — such was the energy of progress in the western portion of the State of New York.”

pp. 17, 18.

From Niagara he passed to the city of New York, of which he thus gives his impressions.

“I thought this, the commercial and fashionable, though not the political, capital of the Union, a very brilliant city. To give the best idea of it, I should describe it as something of a fusion between Liverpool and Paris — crowded quays, long perspectives of vessels and masts, bustling streets, gay shops, tall white houses, and a clear brilliant sky overhead. There is an absence of solidity in the general appearance, but in some of the new buildings they are successfully availing themselves of their ample resources in white marble and granite. At the point of the Battery, where the long thoroughfare of Broadway, extending some miles, pushes its green fringe into the wide harbor of New York, with its glancing waters and graceful shipping, and the limber, long, raking masts, which look so different from our own, and the soft swelling outline of the receding shores ; it has a special character and beauty of its own. I spent about a month here very pleasantly ; the society appeared to me, on the whole, to have a less solid and really refined character than that of Boston, but there is more of animation, gayety, and sparkle in the daily life. In point of hospitality, neither could outdo the other.” pp. 27, 28.

Continuing southward, he gives sketches of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, presenting in a few brief phrases the prominent features of each. He expresses his opinions regarding slavery with a manly and temperate frankness, which would probably not quite please the zealous opponents, or the zealous defenders, of the institution, and which may therefore be supposed to be rational and just. We find brief notices of the principal public men whom the lecturer saw at Washington, giving to each full measure of praise. Many comparisons have been made between the Halls of Congress and the House of Commons, in regard to the decorum, and good order of their proceedings. The Earl says the Commons are most noisy from their habits of cheering and

coughing, while the Representatives at Washington are most disorderly in speaking several at a time, and evincing a contemptuous disregard for the decisions of their speaker. Passing through Virginia and North Carolina to Charleston, he is much struck with the tokens of exhaustion and desertion left upon the region by slavery, and says, "In point of neatness, cleanliness, and order, the slave-holding States appeared to stand in about the same relation to the free, as Ireland does to England." Yet, in describing Charleston, he remarks with great good humor, —

"I am bound to say that I spent my time there very pleasantly; there was much gayety and unbounded hospitality. I have made no disguise of what my opinions upon slavery were, are, and ever must be; but it would be uncandid to deny that the planter in the Southern States has much more in his manner and mode of intercourse that resembles the English country gentleman than any other class of his countrymen; he is more easy, companionable, fond of country life, and out-of-door pursuits." pp. 51, 52.

After passing a few days amid the tropical luxuriance of Cuba, he went to New Orleans, of which the good he can say is chiefly confined to the St. Charles Hotel; and then traversed the western States in various directions, giving the palm on the whole to Ohio and Cincinnati, as the place he should choose for his home if he were going to fix his abode in this part of the Union. He then sums up his feelings and opinions in relation to the whole country.

The feature which strikes him as most obvious and most enviable in our social state is the almost entire absence of poverty, and the "gushing abundance" which characterizes the land. Then he speaks of the wonderful rapidity of growth, and the industrial progress that so rapidly changes a region of forest into one of cultivated fields and populous cities; of the splendor and cleanliness of our hotels, and the rapidity and ease with which we can traverse the country in every direction. He thinks we devote ourselves too much to money-getting, yet acknowledges that he found circles that could hardly be surpassed in the old world in refinement and cultivation. He says he traversed almost the whole extent of the Union without meeting a single instance either of servility or rudeness, meaning by the latter term intentional incivility. It is pleasant to find one who may be supposed

qualified to judge of such matters making this marked distinction; because it has been too much the fashion among our foreign guests, to censure mistakes arising from ignorance of conventional form, as though they were the result of vulgar and intentional discourtesy.

While admiring the systems of popular education, the towns bristling with churches, and the scrupulous observance of the Sabbath in the eastern and northern States, he is shocked by the licentiousness and profanity, such as he had never elsewhere known, which characterize manners and habits in the valley of the Mississippi. In our politics, he acknowledges we carry on the perpetually recurring elections without the riotous turbulence and overt bribery by which they are too often disgraced in his own country; but he speaks in the strongest terms of well-merited reprehension of the proscription carried by the new rulers, at each change of administration, into every department of the public service, "from the minister at a great foreign court, to the post-master of some half-barbarous outpost, — thus tending to render those whose functions ought to withdraw them the most completely from party influences the most unscrupulous partisans;" and he thinks through universal suffrage we have failed to secure the most commanding ability, or the most signal merit, for the highest offices of the state. Slavery he esteems our capital danger, our mortal plague-spot; but candidly acknowledges the difficulties that lie in the way of its removal. Finally, he remarks, —

"Whatever may be the issue of the future destinies assigned to the great American Republic, it is impossible to have contemplated her extent, her resources, the race that has mainly peopled her, the institutions she has derived or originated, the liberty which has been their life-blood, the industry which has been their offspring, and the free gospel which has been published on her wide plains and wafted by her thousand streams, without nourishing the belief and the hope, that it is reserved for her to do much, in the coming generations, for the good of man and the glory of God." p. 85.

The volume of the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley is as little like that of the Earl of Carlisle as possible. Superficial, careless, and good-natured, assuming to be only the "gossip of travel," avoiding any notice of topics of exciting interest

in relation to our institutions or manners, she skims over the United States, Mexico, Havana, Panama, etc., finding the Yankee everywhere, and always praising him ; lingering with the joy of a bird over all that is beautiful in nature, never stopping to scold that where nature has done so much, art has done so little, and finding everybody obliging and civil, because she is so herself. She has given us a volume which is a picture of the author quite as much as of the subject, and which, if little instructive, is exceedingly entertaining. She seems to be one of the boldest and most determined of travellers, ignoring peril and discomfort, and by her success in all her wanderings, proving incontrovertibly that an "unprotected female" may sate her geographical curiosity, even in the wildest countries, without let or hinderance. Though superficial in the philosophy of travel, she is by no means commonplace in her observations of men and things. She writes in a free and easy, rollicking style, such as would hardly be thought feminine on this side of the water ; but the old country allows its daughters more freedom in such matters than is given here. She says, that in describing the rapidity of our growth, and the wonders we have achieved in subduing nature to our will, she is forced to enlarge her vocabulary, by using words and phrases that we have invented ; and, in truth, her style appears to have been inoculated with some of the rhetoric of our western States. She seems to be one of those who love travelling for its own sake ; and we can hardly imagine her sitting down contentedly at home, feeling that she has seen all of the world that she wished. Evidently a nomad by nature, if not by birth, the roving tastes associated with the name of Wortley seem to be part and parcel of her being ; albeit she bears it by marriage, and not by inheritance. The annoyances of travelling seem to make no impression on her mind, or if they do, she is careful to conceal it, and takes no advantage of the Englishman's privilege of grumbling. To her, every thing is *couleur de rose* ; and we Yankees could hardly have failed to fall in love with ourselves, only from reading her description of us, had we not done so long since.

After some weeks passed in Massachusetts and New York, she exclaims : —

"The more I see of American society, the more I like it. In general, I should say, they are a peculiarly sensitive people, and

yet very forbearing and not easily offended. They are generally accused of being conceited. I can only say, as far as I have seen, their candor appears to be far more remarkable than their conceit. Indeed, I have perpetually found them volunteer remarks on what they consider defects in their manners and customs, with the greatest possible good-humor and ingenuousness. Nay, I have sometimes, in common honesty, found myself compelled to take their part against themselves. In travelling, their courtesy, their good-temper, their obligingness, their utter unselfishness are beyond all praise." p. 72.

Again, towards the close of her journey, after seeing him in every position from Boston to Panama, she says, —

"But such is the American: while he will affront with the utmost carelessness all kinds of hardships, dangers, and privations, and display under the most appalling circumstances the firmest presence of mind — as if, like Nelson in his boyhood, 'he had never seen fear,' and could not understand what it meant — his noble feelings will thrill at a tale of the sorrow of others, and his heroism fails him when some affecting incident appeals to his unselfish and generous sympathies. If the true hero-nature lives anywhere it is in the American: *if* the age of chivalry is *not* past — though Burke declared it was, in the Old World of Europe — if, in short, chivalry still exists on earth, it is in the great and mighty West. I think I see a satirical smile on the reader's lips, although so many thousands of miles divide us; and I know if I were in a London drawing-room, what a chorus would be raised of 'dollars and cents!' &c., but I boldly write what I most conscientiously believe: and how absurd it is to keep harping on one fault, (and it really seems almost their only one,) as if either a nation or an individual could be absolutely perfect!" p. 312.

We pause in wonder. This from a countrywoman of Hall, Trollope, and Hamilton! Have we been cruelly misrepresented by former writers, or have their castigations changed us from all that is coarse and degrading to all that is refined and chivalrous? Lest our vanity should be too much excited, we turn to a description given of a Yankee not long ago by M. Marmier: —

"Picture to yourself, if you please, a lean figure with bony wrists, feet of dimensions that would forever tarnish the scutcheon of a gentleman, a hat stuck upon the back of the head; straight hair; a cheek swollen, not by an accidental cold, but from morn-ing till night by a lump of tobacco; lips stained yellow by the juice of the same plant; a black coat with narrow skirts, a tum-

bled shirt, the gloves of a *gendarme*, trousers in harmony with the rest of the equipment, and you will have before you the exact portrait of a thorough-bred Yankee."

A countrywoman of this writer, Madame de Merlin, furnishes us with the following sketch of a New York theatrical audience : —

"The enthusiasm was immense ; I thought myself at Rome, and had difficulty in recognizing the nation that talks by measure and walks by springs. But soon these men, with hat on head and coat off, lying down upon their seats, and who, after placing their heavy nailed shoes on the ground, carelessly seated their woollen-stockened feet on the back of their neighbors' chairs, reminded me that I was in the United States."

These extracts are taken almost at random from many passages like them, which characterize the work of each of these two representatives of *la belle France*. Which picture shall we accept as the true portrait? Accounts so contradictory can be harmonized only by the recollection of scenes we have witnessed in hotels and steamboats, where assumption, or ill-bred demands for service, are not infrequently met by insult or total neglect. A Yankee is very apt to give as he receives, and a well-bred traveller will very rarely meet with incivility. All persons are not Chesterfields here, any more than in other countries ; but we utterly repudiate the idea, that to be an American is to be not a gentleman. We stand by the Lady Emmeline, in preference to all the French men or women in the world.

It is somewhat difficult to follow this lively writer through her wanderings, so as to give a correct idea of her book. The part of it which relates to the United States is much less interesting than that in which she describes places less familiar to us. As our newspapers so abound in letters from all parts of the Union, descriptive of almost every corner of its wide domain, as well as of our public men, there is little chance for presenting passages of mere description which will have much novelty or interest. Two or three short extracts will suffice to show the rather peculiar style adopted by her ladyship, and the kind of humor in which she indulges. She thus utters her feelings on coming out of the Mammoth Cave.

"As to the cave altogether, it is magnificent — that is, what

we saw of it ; for many parts of it we did not see at all, which are already explored, and it is said people may go on exploring for three hundred miles or more ; I should be sorry to try the experiment. After this under-ground jaunt — after this sort of temporary burial, I think one almost requires a dozen or so of balloon-ascensions to restore the equilibrium of one's feelings, and take away the subterraneousness of one's sensations, and ungrovelize one's self ; — in short, to carry off a little of the superabundant earthliness that one feels has been acquired by walking below ground, where should be nothing but graves and gaspipes, and cellars and worms, and Guy Fawkeses, and sorcerers, and mummies, and trains of gunpowder, and fossil ichthyosaurus.

“Stalactites and stalagmites are beautiful and interesting, but they seem to me to have a sort of magnetism of petrification about them, and to inoculate one with ossification. Glad was I when we wended our way from these mighty vaults, with their imitation stars and hobgoblin roses ; we had to pass again by the same great hall by which we entered, under the living leathern canopy of the imminent bats, which almost grazed or stuck to our much-enduring bonnets as we passed — so low was the roof in some places.” p. 97.

A little further on she says, —

“We are going to try and see a prairie. The Looking-glass Prairie, I fear, is too far off to attempt to go to in this cold, bleak, unpropitious weather ; and I am much afraid there is none near enough ; for civilization hereabouts walks with no mincing, graceful, dancing-master-like steps, but great, seven-league boots, and sprawling, earth-shaking strides, and goes swinging along at such a pace that it is all the horizon can do to get out of her way in time, and if once she caught it napping, it might go very hard with it.

“I shall not try to embark on the great Grass Sea to-day ; besides, from what I hear of the extent to which inclosing has been carried on this year, I doubt much if even the Looking-Glass Prairie has escaped being framed in, and broken up into small pieces.” p. 111.

Her description of the Mississippi is really fine and very just.

“I am now at New Orleans. We have had a most successful and enchanting tour, and our late voyage I found extremely interesting.

“I have been most agreeably disappointed with the Mississippi, which has, in general, the reputation of being monotonous and

wearisome from its usually flat banks, and long lines of almost interminable, dense, unvarying forests. I am, on the contrary, quite delighted with it, and watched and gazed on it, day after day and hour after hour, with ever newly-kindling interest and admiration. These very forests themselves were to me sources of ever fresh wonder; and the mighty current of that marvellous river, sweeping on like the flow of unpausing Time, carrying all before it, I thought sublimity itself.

"That the banks are flat for hundreds and hundreds of miles, I own; but those forests are so grand, so boundless — the breadth of that astounding river is so imposing — its bends and curves so glorious and beautiful — that I could not find it at all monotonous. And then its islands, creeks, bays, branches, and reaches, are so numerous and interesting, and its many magnificent tributaries are so diversified and so splendid, that it did not seem to me in the least degree wearisome or dull.

"Besides these, there is the busy hum of life at various places on the shores. The landing-places, wharves, the plantations, (toward the south,) the rising and risen villages and towns, the scattered huts of the wood-cutters, the long rows of slaves' habitations, (called 'quarters,') and all the openings — the clearings in the old mighty woods, where the settlers' cottages are cheerfully sending up their blue smoke to the sky, the germs, probably, of future mighty cities — and then those innumerable flat-boats and rafts with small hamlets of houses on them, some wearing the look of a little nautical village, and all kinds of strange craft, from the roughest and rudest, that almost look as if the 'snags' and 'sawyers' had determined to join company, and had linked themselves by some natural process together — to the magnificent steamer 'Autocrat' — one of those 'floating steam-palaces,' which look really like some of the wondrous fleeting creations one sees every now and then in the clouds. This 'Autocrat,' they say, is the largest steamer on the Mississippi, and is about four hundred feet long, and gorgeous as an enchanted castle inside. The one we came in to this place was nearly that length, and decorated with costly magnificence. And then there are the poor trees, twisting and twirling, and tossing about in the rapid stream, (sometimes roots uppermost,) which form the dreaded 'snags' and 'sawyers' of the Mississippi voyagers; and the countless flights of birds that frequently make the air alive with their myriads of hurrying wings, sometimes looking like the moving folds of gigantic serpents.

"How, then, can these stirring and wondrous scenes be insipid? They are certainly not; and I think any one who can find it monotonous and tiresome, (unless they had pictured to themselves a totally different scene, and expected a sort of exaggerated

Rhine, or magnified blue Guadalquivir,) must be somewhat devoid of heart, mind, and imagination, and especially the first time that one steams down it. I can imagine it might become a little tedious, a little wearisome or so, the one-and-twentieth voyage or thereabouts; but the first time! I cannot comprehend it. No! the first time it is all change, wonder, novelty, matter for speculation and food for reflection, an object of ceaseless interest, and of ever-recurring astonishment and admiration. We saw it under a vast variety of aspects and change of climate, and even seasons; and often did its whole appearance seem altered. The captain of one of the steamboats observed to me, the other day, that after long years spent in navigating that wondrous river, he could truly say he 'had never seen it in any two voyages alike.' There are so many different 'stages' of water — the banks are so perpetually changing, the sand-bars are so incessantly shifting their position, besides other alterations, that I could indeed readily believe him.

"I have seen it up in the northwest, amid snow, hail, ice, rain, and clouds, and storm, and in the burning sunshine of the south, and under its clear and unshadowed skies, by night and by day, in the gale and in the calm, flowing through its almost interminable mighty wilderness of forest in solitary grandeur, or watering a thousand teeming plantations with its turbid swelling waves, receiving its splendid tributaries, (the Ohio, Arkansas river, &c.) as if they were so many dew-drops, and sweeping on as if with a magnificent unconcern and disdainful indifference, apparently wholly unaltered and unaffected by these immense and majestic accessories to its might and greatness.

"The breadth of this ever-broad river is scarcely visibly changed, though the depth is of course very often greatly increased, as stream after stream rolls into its great waters. In the very absence of change here, is there not something sublime? In every way it is unlike every other river I ever saw, and appears to be a sort of molten flowing world in itself." pp. 113-115.

She thus pours forth her admiration for our people and country, after having surveyed the wonderful wealth of nature in the valley of the Father of Waters.

"One cannot but think what a wonderful place this same New Orleans will probably become in the future. It is calculated that the Great Valley of the Mississippi, now only containing, comparatively speaking, a mere handful of inhabitants, could easily sustain and comfortably accommodate one hundred and fifty millions of people. Now the population is about ten millions. What a future! what a country! and what a noble

people, to work out its grand destiny, and to fill up magnificently the magnificent designs of Nature. It is all petty malice and jealousy which make people talk of their exaggerated expressions and ideas. A man must have imagination indeed, must out-Shakspeare Shakspeare, the myriad-minded, and the very lord of imagination, to deal in hyperbolical extravagance here. What would be exaggeration in other countries is here the simplest moderation, and in all probability lags behind the reality. The fact is, they feel their destiny, and their country's destiny, and they would be stocks and stones if they did not; and if, in England, we are disposed to think they 'greatly daring' talk, we should remember a little what a prospect lies before them. Nature, their present, their future — all is in such an exaggerated mood here, all on such a stupendous scale! For them to have little views, and entertain trifling projects, or hold petty opinions, with regard to their mighty country's advancement and progress, would be as absurd as to see a party of giants in go-carts or in pinafores, and playing at 'Tom Thumb' and 'Goody Two Shoes.'” pp. 127, 128.

Her tour in Mexico is very interesting, though we think somewhat disfigured, by the half wild descriptions she gives of some of the rites of the ancient Mexicans. Things horrible seem, almost always, to present a ludicrous side to her imagination, and she generally speaks of them in a manner which is hardly within the limits of good taste. Setting this aside, her descriptions of every thing beautiful in nature, or picturesque in habits and costume, are vivid and often brilliant. The descent from Perote to Xalapa is, perhaps, as fine a specimen of her powers in this way as any we can select.

“Our descent was not at all a precipitous one at first; but after a time we journeyed along quite on the extreme brink and edge of the mountains, so that by leaning far out of the carriage, one could catch the sublimest views conceivable of all that intervened between their towering summits and the sea. The high mountain chain to the north of the pass turns eastward, and is continued on to the Gulf of Mexico, in parallel lines of ridges, on the heights of which the traveller's eye looks down; and that eye might also see confusedly, beautiful, wild, and solitary dells among the hills, and the sombre black region of lava and dwarfed and ragged pines, that he is leaving, and wilderness after wilderness of beauty that he is approaching nearer and nearer to; and from the crest of some of the hills looking to the south, the awful majesty of the Mountain of the Star, (Orizaba,) its dazzling brow crowned with unchangeable resplendence, till it

seemed to have a brighter daylight of its own. Let him look behind him, and see the white frost like a faint sprinkling from the snows of the Coffre, blanching the funereal foliage of the solemn branches of pine and the beds of gloomy lava ; and let him look before him and mark the groves of oranges, the corn-fields, the gardens of roses, and the palm — daughter of the sun — and thrice ten thousand flowering and blooming trees ! — *There* laughs a leaping brook, lustrous, fresh, and clear, as if all the roses had shed all their diamond dew to form its fairy stream, and it rolled, tinted and blushing with their reflections. And here a forest of labyrinthine bowers makes a warm and glowing darkness of flower-shadows, — zones after zones, regions after regions, expanse after expanse, are stretching at his feet.

“Not the world, but many worlds, seem to be outspread in boundless magnificence before us, for it is so seldom you think of the single earth, mingling in one transcendent unity — one conjunction of almost antagonizing elements and properties, all the diversities, all the conflicting extremes it possesses, that when you behold them thus displayed in one overpowering consummate burst of triumph, and in the most stupendous and imposing array, you seem entering on a new state of existence, on a fresh stage of being, and can hardly believe that these wonders, crowded, heaped, precipitated, and concentrated — (each separate beauty, each different display of grandeur, gaining so much by such juxtaposition — such surprising contrast, that each seems far more beautiful, and far more majestic) — can indeed be the same to which the eye, or the tutored thought, or the imagination has been accustomed. These varieties, so accumulated and agglomerated, seem to be new varieties ; this creation, with all its choicest and selectest wonders and glories, so combined and united to each other, seems a vision of many creations, and the boundary — which, however, seems no boundary to all this gorgeous magnificence, but only a continuation, along which the dreaming, straining eye appears to travel into eternity — is the all-glorious, immeasurable ocean !

“With such a spectacle spread out before him does the traveller dash downward — only too fast — to beautiful Xalapa. Spring and summer seem flying on wings of the rainbow and the rose to greet him ; and every odoriferously-breathing zephyr is an *avant-courier* of the floral delights that await him. Miles before you are whirled into the bowery, flowery, country-like town of Xalapa, you rejoice in the far-floating odors of its crowding orange groves ; and what a scene enchants you : — Fields of living emerald and chrysoprase ; woods bathed in the beauty of myriads of blossoms (the starry orange bowers emulating the snows of glittering Orizaba) ; lovely slopes, the most graceful,

picturesque hollows ; and, built on the smiling brows of sunny hills, lordly-looking *haciendas*, with their white walls sparkling like spotless alabaster ; and tangled mazes of vernal delights, and startling phenomena of vegetation ; such as stems that seem bearing all the flowers of one zone together, so crossed and mingled are the blossomy treasures — (indeed in some places it seemed like solid masses of blooms.) And what fairy glens and gorges, and glittering hamlets, and sequestered homes, and half-ruined convents glimmering through many-colored thickets, and vailing streamers of a thousand-tendrilled blossoming vines ; and tortuous paths, and silvery winding rills, and soft acclivities, seemingly intersecting and as it were overlapping each other, as if to conceal some more precious treasures of mystic beauty — if that were possible ! And in some parts, afar off, something that almost looks like a pageant of gorgeous sunset clouds fallen to earth, and melting in multitudinous splendor — it is but a variegated heap of the all but endless growths of Nature in these regions, billowing over some rising grounds, swelling with softest undulations, while the whole resounds with the joyous notes of singing birds.” pp. 241–243.

The graceful gayeties, the luxurious, flower-embowered mode of life at the Havana, find in Lady Wortley one who can adequately appreciate and feelingly describe them. The reader’s fancy is thronged with images of beautiful women, crowned with flowers and clad in “diaphanous, dreamy” gossamer robes, spun by Arachne and colored by Iris, with fans fluttering like the wings of sylphides, reclining in gayly painted, open carriages, while, as they roll along through the streets the gallant cavaliers exclaim, “How beautiful !” and the lady bows her stag-like head, and graciously replies, *Gracias caballero*. The streets are crowded with such carriages, double rows of trees on either side filling the air with the odors of their blossoms, fountains falling in copious showers into sculptured marble basins, military bands enlivening the scene with their harmonies, and all fanned by the soft breezes of a tropical sea. To read of such scenes, while we are writhing under the rigors of a northern winter, is enough to make one forswear home and hearth, air-tight stove and all, and rush away to the lands of perpetual warmth and flowers.

Moved by a desire to behold the waters of the Pacific, our adventurous traveller takes passage on board the *Georgia*, proceeds to Chagres, and crosses the Isthmus in the usual

way, — that is, by boating to Gorgona, and by mules thence to Panama. From her description of the route, one would suppose it to be a passage through paradise, rather than the difficult and dangerous way it has appeared to most travellers. The annoyances of the journey do peep out occasionally, in parenthesis, as it were; but her perceptions are so occupied by luxuriant trees, brilliant skies, butterflies, and flowers, that she has no eyes for rough roads, no fears for robbers, no skin for insects, and no muscles for fatigue. We give one fragment from this journey.

“ We soon plunged again into the giant woods. And here I wish I could convey to the reader the faintest idea of their astonishing beauty, and of their peculiar characteristics; so gigantic, yet so wondrously delicate in detail; vast, colossal bowers hanging over other bowers festooned and twining together in twenty thousand wild romantic shapes, and with that gossamer net-work of light creepers flaunting here and quivering there, as if the rainbow spray of myriads of fountains had suddenly been arrested and hardened by magic into permanent forms. Then *such* trees! studies in themselves; some like vast columns of burnished silver, with the most smooth, brilliantly white bark you can imagine, and a dome-like top of magnificent foliage; others with glorious leaves, like great green stars, or rather three quarters of a star, shining like sculptured emeralds; then a majestic kind of wild cotton tree, (the silk cotton, I think,) with its beautiful product, hanging like feathery snow from it.” p. 308.

Having arrived at Panama, she is taken ill with hay-asthma, and to cure it, runs down the coast as far as Lima; fearing, while thus unwell, to expose herself to the effects of the luxuriant vegetation of the Isthmus. She finds much to admire in this once favorite capital of the Spanish conquerors, though its former splendors are declining into ruin. After spending a few weeks there, she returns to Panama, and recrosses the Isthmus at the commencement of the rainy season. For the first time during all her wanderings in America, she now confesses herself so far overcome by physical discomfort, that she can no longer forget all else in her enjoyment of tropical scenery; and surely an exposure to the elements at such a time must be enough to tax the patience of the most enthusiastic lover of nature. Had she not complained here, she might have been accused of affectation. Half drowned, she reached Chagres at the end of

two days, and immediately crossed to Jamaica, where she takes leave of us without giving any description of that island.

In bidding her adieu, we will only add, that if writers on both sides the Atlantic would exhibit half as much good feeling as is shown in these volumes, there would soon be an end of the mutual jealousy and dislike that still govern the feelings of too many persons, both in England and the United States.

ART. X. — *Lectures on Political Economy*. By FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, formerly Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford. London: John Chapman. 1851. 12mo. pp. 342.

THESE lectures were delivered, little more than a year ago, at the Ladies College in Bedford Square, London. The author of them is, we believe, a younger brother of the celebrated Mr. Newman, who was one of the leaders of the Tractarian movement at Oxford, and who has recently shown his fearlessness and consistency, if not his wisdom, by reconciling himself entirely to the Romish Church, and becoming one of its most ardent priests and advocates. Mr. F. W. Newman is quite as remarkable a man as his elder brother, and is likely to accept at last the same anodyne for his religious scruples and perplexities, though he will approach Rome from the opposite direction. At present, his restless spirit occupies that platform of transcendental or spiritual unbelief, which experience has shown to be only a stage of transition to implicit faith in the doctrines and pretensions of Romanism. He who is overwhelmed with doubts can find repose and freedom from anxiety only by acquiescing in the claims of a church which pretends to be infallible; and if he is sincere, if he is really troubled by the confused spectres of superstition and infidelity which his heated fancy and unhinged reason have grouped around him, this soothing shade he is sure to find at last. The road may be a long and devious one, but it terminates at St. Peter's. The writings of the